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LUCIFER.

THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

There's a haunting horror near us
That nothing drives away—
Fierce lamping eyes at nightfall,
A crouching shade by day;
There's a whining at the threshold,
There's a scratching at the floor—
To work! To work! In heaven's name!
The wolf is at the door!

The day was long, the night was short,
The bed was hard and cold,
Still weary are the little ones,
Still weary are the old;
We are weary in our cradles
From our mother's toil untold;
We are born to hoarded weariness
As some to hoarded gold.

We will not rise! We will not work!
Nothing the day can give
Is half so sweet as an hour of sleep;
Better to sleep than live!
What power can stir these heavy limbs?
What hope these dull hearts swell?
What fear more cold, what pain more sharp,
Than the life we know so well?

To die like a man by lead or steel
Is nothing that we should fear:
No human death would be worse to feel
Than the life that holds us here:
But this is a fear no heart can face—
A fate no man can dare—
To be run to earth and die by the teeth
Of the gnawing monster there!

The slow relentless padding step
That never goes astray—
The rustle in the underbrush—
The shadow in the way—
The straining flight—the long pursuit—
The steady gain behind—
Death-wearied man and tireless brute,
And the struggle wild and blind!

There's a hot breath at the keyhole
And a tearing as of teeth!
Well do I know the bloodshot eyes
And the dripping jaws beneath!
There's a whining at the threshold—
There's a scratching at the floor—
To work! To work! In heaven's name!
The wolf is at the door!

—*Charlotte Perkins Stetson.*

Betrayed Themselves.

"They had been married a year before anybody knew ti, and even then their secret was discovered only by accident."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; one evening at a card party they thoughtlessly played partners, and the way they quarreled let the whole thing out."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Infamous System.

Under the above heading the Cleveland Press denounces an outrage which is perpetrated in all cities, as follows:

A Cleveland police court officer goes to the police director and says: "Our police court fund is depleted. Be good enough to raid the Tenderloin, so that with the money assessed (by the honorable court) upon the women of shame, police court salaries can be paid."

The officer doesn't hesitate to admit that police court funds have been and are maintained by such means.

The meanest, vilest thing that struts in the streets by day and prowls in the alleys by night is the creature shaped like a man who lives on the shame of women. This beast is called a pander, and it is a title that covers more infamy than any other that usage has legitimatized for the expression of baseness and merited contempt. There may be sympathy and pity for the woman. There is nothing save loathing, hatred and contempt for the thing in male attire that leaves its slimy trail in her dark life and would befoul hell itself.

What better than such is the city that takes the Tenderloin woman's money simply to pay salaries of its officers of justice?

The judge upon the bench, the prosecutor and the clerk are paid through the returns from prostitution.

Here are a pretty hard question and a pretty bold statement. But they fit the case.

Think of it! The man upon the judicial bench, put there to decide upon the freedom or imprisonment of men, women and children, cannot get his salary until the clerk runs out and persuades the high police authorities to pull in the fallen women so the court can take, for his pay, part of the proceeds of their sin. The prosecutor and clerk, no matter how just and honorable men they may be, are in the same boat. Their pay is a matter of division of the spoils resulting from the "business" of shame.

How can judge and prosecutor be just, honorable, impartial, merciful, toward the woman arraigned, when they must look upon her and her business as the source of their own pay?

Does not the system tend toward making panders of the officers of justice? Pretty strong language, but it is the naked truth, and it is high time that the naked truth, armed with two-edged sword, unequivocal and merciless mowed a swath through police court affairs.

Now, while enough has been said therein concerning the process of filling police funds by squeezing the Tenderloin, there are other ways in which to help that fund, ways not tinted by the rouge of lust, but bearing the features of just plain, every-day, ordinary robbery.

Recently, an old man named Hagesfeld shot one Allen. After the shooting, Hagesfeld walked to the station house, where he found the officer in charge telephoning a description of the shootist to the different precincts. "Why, I am the man," said Hagesfeld, "and I came to give myself up."

Did you notice in the newspaper accounts that two patrol-

men immediately "placed Hagesfeld under arrest" and did you wonder why it took two patrolmen to arrest a man who was standing in front of a third officer, asking to be locked up, after having walked a mile or so for the purpose of being locked up? Why? Why, you will find the "arrest" of that old man credited on the docket to two patrolmen. There'll be two patrolmen's witness fees in police court, in grand jury room and in criminal court room, when the trial comes off, and there'll be a corresponding boom in some police fund. And, Mr. Inquisitive Taxpayer, you're lucky that some "regular witness" wasn't around, too, when the law's hard hand, in the shape of three officers, was laid on that self-surrendered old man; that you don't have to pay fees toward some fund because some "good fellow" hanger-on at the station happened to witness that blood curdling "arrest."

The grand jury is at work on police court affairs. Let it smite not only the stealers, but the system which degrades the court and offers a premium to rascality of all sorts!

A Forgiveness.

"I want a forty-four calibre revolver."

Mechanically the clerk handed out several of the weapons, from which the young man, after scrutinising them all carefully, selected one, and then purchasing a box of cartridges also, left the store hurriedly.

"He looks rather excited," thought the clerk as he replaced the revolvers in their case.

That evening a young man paced up and down Broadway, his overcoat buttoned up tight to his throat and both hands thrust down deeply into his pockets. He scanned the faces of the passers by, earnestly, scrutinizingly; apparently eager to see every one. It was the young man who had bought the revolver.

He was seeking another young man to kill him. A young man, formerly a friend, who professing love had won the affection and confidence of his sister, and then had basely left her upon discovering that she was about to give birth to a child. He would shoot him on sight.

All the evening he had been walking up and down the street nursing his wrath; his pride too, was wounded to the quick. That anyone should win his dear sister's heart and then treat her so basely he had never before dreamed a possibility. The man who had done it was a beast! He should die like a dog wherever he was met. Without warning, without giving him a moment in which to speak he would fire, and kill him.

How his heart burned!

From time to time as he loitered near the known haunts of his enemy he nervously stepped into bars and ordered and drank large glasses of whiskey; hastening out then to look up and down the street, fearful that the monster had eluded him. He began to feel intoxication, and his feet grew weary with walking; his vigil had already lasted three hours. Yet he kept on.

After a while, when the hour was very late and his legs would hardly hold him, he turned into a side street and entered the wine room of a brilliantly lighted saloon. Throwing himself into a chair by a table he ordered a drink from the sleepy waiter.

A woman sitting opposite leaned toward him and said, "Pay for one for me too?"

"Yes, if you want; anything;" he said, looking at her compassionately.

The woman immediately arose and came and sat down near him. "What's the matter? You look tired," she ventured.

"Matter?" he said, desperately, "I am waiting to kill a man."

"Waiting to kill a man?"

"Yes," he reiterated.

"You're foolish; you are drunk. Don't do it."

The drinks were brought in and they both drank.

"He ruined my sister," the intoxicated man said in a wild whisper.

"Did he?"

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They looked at each other, a long look.

Then the woman spoke; and it was a woman's torn though sympathetic heart that gave utterance to the words, not the ribald lips of a prostitute. She was not the thing that she had been a moment before. She was transfigured; a forgiving angel.

It was memory.

"Did you ever ruin a girl?" were her words.

The question burnt him like fire.

"Did you? Tell me."

It was like coming back to consciousness. He hung his head; he did not answer.

"I thought possibly you had; many men do. That is how I came here," she went on softly and sadly.

"Did you ever think that you loved a girl" she said after a little; "and did the girl return your affection, trusting you completely; tempting you perhaps by her very innocence? Did she meet all your desires for pleasure in her society open-heartedly and without care or doubt? Did you forget yourself again, and once again; not intending any evil; carried away by your passion? Did the woods and fields which you sought with her, with their birds, streams, and flowers, intoxicate you both; till all was forgotten in the mad desire of youth? It is all very common, it is all very wicked, and so sad! I have forgiven such things; I think I understand. Those who revenge are worse than the guilty. You must not kill. This man and you are brothers. You should seek him out, and say; 'I forgive you as I hope she forgives me whom I deserted after my madness.'"

The man was quite sober; he had changed. He sat looking at her in silence. There were tears in his eyes.

"I know it is hard" she said. "The dishonor, the shame, the suffering; the social code is cruel. Your sister will suffer, but she will forgive. She loved the man of course. But we all sin; and because we sin we must forgive. I am lost; I am sunk low indeed; perhaps it is easy for me to forgive, but I have forgiven."

"Will you walk with me as far as the ferry?" said her companion in a subdued voice; I will go home to Hoboken. Take this money, and walk with me as far as the ferry."

"I will walk with you" she said; but pushed the bill back toward his hand.

They went out into the street, and he offered her his arm. She took it; and silently they walked down toward the Barkley St. slip together.

The boat was waiting. The woman walked on to the deck with the young man, and together they stood at the side looking down into the water.

"Do you forgive him?" she asked again.

He did not answer, but turned away his head and then laid it down upon the rail and sobbed.

"Think of your own action" she continued. "You had no malice in your heart. It all happened before you knew; you tried to be strong, but you were weak. And she was weak. She loved you. If you only had really loved her! Ah, life is full of suffering!"

The man was weeping aloud.

"Where is your revolver?" the woman asked as the whistle hoarsely sounded for the departure of the boat for the Jersey side.

He took it from his pocket and handed it to her.

She dropped it into the water, and it sank at once.

"Thank you," he turned to say.

She who forgave had left the boat.

He was alone.

"I forgive," he whispered through his tears.

W. F. Barnard.

"Mr. Gumstick is one of the most self-sacrificing men I know of," said Miss Cayenne.

"In what way?"

"He takes chances on becoming utterly demoralized in order to find out what books he ought to prevent other people from reading."—*Washington Star.*

Who Are the Fallen?

BY KATE AUSTIN.

This morning while looking over several copies of Lucifer preparatory to sending them out, I came across Dr. Clymer's review of "The Prodigal Daughter," in which he makes a strong plea for a society to save "fallen women," asserting that there are "societies to prevent cruelty to animals, children etc., while this class of women are looked upon as worse than beasts," and that he thinks that "though a woman may have fallen, she is better than the best of beasts, therefore is worth saving." The good doctor then closes by saying, "If you think this is a work that an honest and noble man should help, do your part, as I am trying to form such a society, not to make money, but to help fallen humanity."

Now I do not question the sincere motive that actuates Dr. Clymer to attempt this movement. But he has advanced an idea that always arouses my bitterest antagonism, and that is, that there is a class of unfortunate beings known as fallen women whom another class in society who pass muster as immaculate creatures of a different mold, should stoop to lift out of their degradation. Let me say this, the only way to help a so-called fallen woman is to refuse point blank to recognize that she is fallen. Those people who ostracise and set apart a fellow being for an act which takes two of opposite sexes to consummate, who consider one fallen, while they tacitly absolve the other, are responsible for the fallen women. They are the ones who need missionaries, not our sisters. Why should we consider a woman "fallen" who sells her body and not consider the party who buys such merchandise as "fallen"? And for morality's sake why not start a society to save fallen men? Why not do a little missionary work among the males who create a market for prostitution? It is a law of the business world that "The demand regulates the supply," and in the world of sex prostitution there are two forces that create both the demand and the supply, one is the restriction of the sexual nature by law and custom, the other is economic slavery. In a free society man could not prostitute his sex nature, he would not have the opportunity any more than he would have the desire. It is as natural for the sexual passion to seek a mutual response as it is for water to run down an incline; any deviation from this law is caused by outside interference.

To force water by artificial means to flow in opposition to its natural law, is often a great help to man in various ways, but to force the sexual nature, to pervert it from following its original law leads to dire results always. Then let us spend all our energy in tearing down false ideas, and the institutions that support industrial slavery, and not build houses of refuge or societies to save "fallen women." There is no reason on earth why a female prostitute cannot be as good a citizen as a sexual prostitute of the male class, no reason on earth if we will treat her with the respect that we accord to her partner in prostitution. But we insult her when we talk of "homes of refuge," of "saving societies," we place her by these very acts on a lower level, separate her from ourselves and her fellow prostitute, brand her as a fallen being who needs uplifting by us "goody goody" people, and therefore degrade her in her own eyes and instill a secret hostility against her fellow creatures in her heart. The prostitute is no fool, she knows that frequently far worse characters than the despised woman of the street ornament our churches, our ethical societies, and compose that class of city fathers who regulate her business. She sees them honored by all, she sees the "good Samaritan" who condescends to talk of "uplifting" the "fallen woman" walking arm in arm with those who buy the merchandise of the scarlet woman, treating them as equals, often as superiors. Our sister sees all this and curses this false society and drowns her care in drink, and looks with contempt at a "saving society."

What wonder? Who among us will admit that we need a saving society? This outcast woman is as human and sensitive as we are in this respect. There is but one way for us to do, and that is to treat every prostitute as an equal, look neither above nor below, but direct in two eyes that mirror our reflection, talk of things that will interest her, whether it be of the flavor of beer, the colors she loves to wear, or of books or people. Never presume to preach to her, the victim, nor dare advise her to seek a new method of livelihood. If she *should*, it might throw a dear respectable woman friend of yours out of a job. This is not merely sarcasm, but the truth. The iron law of necessity forced her into this industry.

If you would preach, go to the class who are the real criminals, the mental prostitutes, the men and women of high intellect who sell the use of their brains for place and power and gold. Here is the source of that foul spring that burst forth, ages ago, in the swamps of ignorance to pollute humanity. The women or men who prostitute their sex natures, injure only themselves. The class who prostitute a noble intellect not only degrade themselves, but degrade and enslave the race through their false teachings. They alone are the truly "fallen," the arch murderers of natural gifts that would glorify and free the race if honestly used. There can be no refuge from vice under conditions that constantly create vice. The only help we can render our sisters who have fallen under the ban of society, is for each one of us, publicly by speech and action to refuse to ostracise them, treat them as equals, as we do the male prostitute, and without doubt, we will soon hear the last of "fallen women." But if we organize a saving society we openly place them in an inferior position and ally ourselves with that hypocritical society which has ever crucified woman and held her as responsible for man's vices as well as her own.

As for refuges for illegitimate mothers, the less said the better. I personally know a number that I would not dare insult with my pity, let alone offer them a refuge. They have proved themselves abundantly able to care for themselves and infants. In regard to a refuge for married women I am not so positive. Many of them are in such sore need of a refuge that I would not withhold assistance from such a project.

Neither Old Nor Young Master.

How often, when one lesson is sought to be conveyed, there is another marked. This thought has often recurred with reference to an excerpt once made in these columns from a London Freethought paper, which played on the sacrifice of young women in marriage to old roues. Mr. Foote of England was the writer or editor and the attempted moral of the article was that if the young woman had her due she would be married to an unspoilt man. But what a mixture that is of fact and fancy. According to the experience of many women marriage to a young and vigorous husband without more than average self-restraint is very apt to prove disastrous to the young wife, and therefore many of them would almost prefer the man of more advanced years even with a broken constitution,—as a choice of evils.

The fallacy is sufficiently obvious to a large number of Lucifer's readers when they read of marriage according to the ideal of the London Freethought paper. Love would indeed be a blessing, to be shared with an unspoilt man, but the loss of independence is never a blessing; the license to abuse is an evil which will soon come to be realized as being greater in proportion to the physical demands of the oppressor who enjoys the license.

While there are no good lovers among the men who have wasted their energies to an extreme, the incautious admission of current matrimonial fiction is very false teaching for young women. Neither the experienced roue nor the owner practically certain to employ the privilege of abusing and destroying love, but personal independence first and last is the cardinal truth for women capable of love. TAK KAK.

We should avoid whatever may display bad feeling, and attend with civility to what may be addressed to us; all hearts are conciliated by politeness and affability.—*Socrates.*

Lucifer, the Lightbearer

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Lucifer—Its Meaning and Purpose.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—*Webster's Dictionary.*

LUCIFEROUS—Giving Light; affording light or the means of discovery.—*Same.*

LUCIFIC—Producing Light.—*Same.*

LUCIFORM—Having the form of Light.—*Same.*

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

Militarism. Nationalism, Imperialism.

A few years ago at Valley Falls, Kansas, I attended a "Fourth of July Celebration," at which the principal speaker was "General" W. W. Guthrie, somewhat famous at that time as a Republican orator. The usual preliminary reading of the "Declaration of Independence" had been omitted because of the fact that it was found, when too late, that no copy of said document had been brought for use on this occasion.

Mr. Guthrie's first remark was that he regarded this omission, or forgetfulness on the part of the management, as a good omen, a hopeful sign of the times. That the Declaration of Independence, as a political guide, was now obsolete, and should be laid on the shelf; that the principles advocated therein had been shown, by actual trial, to be visionary, unsound and impracticable, but that, on the other hand, the principles of government advocated by Alexander Hamilton had stood the test of trial, and were now being adopted more and more by wise and enlightened American statesmanship.

* * *

I have lately been reading one of the "Beacon Biographies," edited by M. A. DeWolfe Howe—a small but very compact and comprehensive as well as very impartial, just and fair history of the life, character and work of Alexander Hamilton, written by James Schouler, and find it one of the most interesting books I ever read. Not that Mr. Schouler has told us anything really new in regard to Hamilton, or the part he played in shaping the political destinies of the United States. All this had often been done before, and by historians quite as able as Mr. Schouler, but, as I see it, no one has so clearly shown the connection between Hamiltonism and the policies that for the past forty years have been dominant in this country, and that today are being practicalized, magnified and glorified to an extent that even Hamilton himself, with all his predilections and aspirations towards centralization, militarism and imperialism, would not have deemed possible with such material, such men, as those with whom he worked, struggled, schemed, fought and died.

A very few and brief quotations will show what is here meant. Mr. Schouler tells us, as all readers of history know, that Hamilton was a consistent, an ardent advocate of monarchy pure and simple; that he "avowed frankly the belief that mankind were vicious, except a few choice spirits, and should be ruled on that theory; that the ideal monarch of men was one hereditary, clothed with so much power that he would not be seeking more;" that "he admired such barriers as that of the British House of Lords, and praised the British Constitution as an ideal form of government—as one which, to be sure, we could not attain, but which supplied the model to which we should approach as nearly as possible—this proposed scheme of union and the speech which advocated it in convention [the convention that framed the unamended Constitution of the United States] disclose Hamilton's ideal philosophy of American government as cherished by him to the end of his life."

It has often been said that Hamilton exerted a controlling influence in the work of formulating the plan of Constitution proposed by the convention of 1787. But Hamilton's views were too frankly in favor of aristocracy and of hereditary monarchy to be generally popular with men who had so lately thrown off the yoke of British monarchy. As truly said by Schouler. "It was Madison who, most of all, had framed the scheme" proposed by that convention, but when it came to the more difficult task of securing the adoption of that plan by the thirteen colonies it was Hamilton's work through the "Federalist" and as a member of the New York convention of 1788, that did more than the work of any other man to overcome opposition and to secure the final adoption of the then unamended Constitution of the United States.

Then, as now, New York was the pivotal state in American politics, and the New York convention, including Governor Clinton himself, was opposed to the plan proposed by the Philadelphia convention of the previous year. In this New York convention Hamilton exerted a controlling influence, and did more than any one else to overcome the opposing majority and secure the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

Speaking of the series of essays called the "Federalist," originated and mainly written by Hamilton, Schouler says,

> During the momentous canvass into which the discussion was now projected, these essays did more to win the sober sense of America's whole community than all other documents of the brief campaign together. And even at this lapse of more than a century, despite the corrections of long experience in its argument, "The Federalist," as a literary masterpiece, written with warmth of coloring and in a tone singularly free from arrogance or party cant, stands as the best compact and popular commentary upon the unamended American Constitution ever written.

With clearer prevision than that possessed by Franklin, Washington and many older heads who signed the compromise document, Hamilton foresaw that this constitution could and would be made the shelter and shield behind which the forces of aristocracy, of monarchy, of militarism and imperialism could establish and entrench themselves, and thus would be gained by strategy the advantages that could not be achieved by frank and open avowal.

* * *

HAMILTON AS HE REALLY WAS.

That such of our readers who have had neither time nor opportunity to study the history of the compromise between liberty and despotism called the Constitution of the United States, may be made better acquainted with the real character of the man whose masterful genius did more than that of any other man to secure its adoption, I herewith insert a few more paragraphs from the admirable work of Mr. Schouler—pages 58, 64, 66 and 68:

"I am a warm advocate," he writes in 1774, "for limited

monarchy, and an unfeigned well-wisher to the present royal family."

It was not the subjection of the old colonial sentiment that he aimed at, but to eradicate state autonomy altogether.

Hamilton had an innate passion for military prowess, which was nourished by his boyish studies and confirmed by his young experience as a Revolutionary officer. He cherished something of the Roman conception of governing by conquest. When toward the close of this eighteenth century, military authority, at a seeming crisis, was lodged presumptively in his hands, he was eager to make a strong use of it; and the fatalism of armed dictator and arbiter pervaded his vision to the end of life. He was not averse to managing with the aid of a regular soldiery to keep society in order. He even inclined to the use of that potent engine for promoting political changes deemed desirable, in defiance, if need be, of strict law. His letters of 1780 show him reproaching the old Congress for ruining its influence and credit with the Continental troops in making them dependent on each state individually rather than upon all the states as a whole. He avows his eager wish to secure the attachment of the army to congress and bind its officers to service by substantial ties, with "a solid Confederation and a permanent army," as his epigrammatic expression for Continental security.

Hamilton maintained, for America's possible emergencies and his own, the standards usual among military officers. The duel by which he died was not the only one in which he ever figured; for we see him in 1778 serving as second in an affair of the kind for a young Carolinian and fellow-officer, thus committing himself, just at majority, to that false code of honor by whose ordeal he finally perished. While still on Washington's staff, in 1779, he demanded satisfaction from a civilian for circulating a tale to his dishonor; but the wary elder whom he addressed sheered off in his written responses from a challenge, until Hamilton threw up the controversy in disgust.

Hamilton would have kept the common people from the direction of affairs. Many other leaders of his day distrusted democracy and a government "out of doors," but Hamilton's dislike in that respect was radical and inveterate. The friends he chose and consorted with were of the better sort. They were "good men," as he would express it—the rich, the intellectual, the socially powerful; and, while in practice he would have blended government interests strongly with those, besides, of a money-making middle class, he disdained more and more the populace, the majority of inhabitants, and avowed his contempt for the constraint of common opinion upon rulers.

In these brief paragraphs, the real Alexander Hamilton stands revealed, and the question naturally forces itself upon us,

Would a man of such mental characteristics, such desires and such aspirations, work as he worked to achieve the triumph of the Federal Constitution if he had not foreseen that under its banner the interests of militarism, of aristocracy, of imperialism, would be safeguarded and secure?

Well may the careful observer of current events say that Hamilton's favorite policies have been realized beyond all reasonable expectation.

As very forcefully put by Mr. Schouler—page 92—"The twentieth [century] now opens with Hamilton's ideas upheld by an administration and party in full possession of government, more eagerly and with more insistence upon a constitutional right than Hamilton himself would have dreamed of advocating."

If, for instance, Hamilton could have foreseen our preparation for taking part in a British coronation, also the policy of the present administration in the Philippines and could have fore-heard the speech of President Roosevelt delivered at a banquet in Washington, May 2, in regard to the army and navy, and the responses thereto, would he not have been moved to say—paraphrasing the words of one of old, "I have seen the travail of my soul, and am satisfied?"

* * *

WILL THERE BE A REACTION?

That Hamiltonism is now in the saddle in this country, and that Jeffersonism has been compelled to take a back seat, needs no demonstration. The doctrine that all men have the right to be self-governing is now one of the legends of the past with us, and government by conquest, by absorption, by "assimilation," by militarism, by imperialism, is openly avowed, defended and practicalized by the rulers of the land once consecrated to freedom and equal rights by the heroes of the American Revolution.

Will this policy be crystallized into permanence?

Will it increase in strength from year to year until the last vestige of civil and personal liberty is destroyed?

Or will there be a reaction?

Will the people of this country awake, as from a nightmare dream, and reassert and once more practicalize the principles of the Jeffersonian Declaration of Independence?

That the signs of such reaction, of such awakening, are not wholly wanting I for one am very glad to see. All over the land voices of earnest and eloquent protest are being heard. Conventions are being held in many places; in thousands of papers, daily, weekly and monthly, the pens of earnest writers, women as well as men, are getting in their work. Books by the score are being published and circulated by the million, asking their readers whether the craze of militarism has not lasted quite long enough.

Among these books I wish to call particular attention to one entitled "Captain Jinks Hero," by that well known reform writer, Ernest Crosby. Having read the book from cover to cover I can testify that the statement of the publishers, Funk and Wagnalls, N. Y., is not overdrawn when they say,

> This is a satirical novel upon the military history of the United States since the outbreak of the Spanish War. Sam Jinks, the hero, is no stuffed figure used for purposes of burlesque, but a real creation, with a personality that is even lovable. He is first shown as an innocent country lad whose taste for military affairs is planted by a chance Christmas gift of lead soldiers, cultivated by training in a boys' brigade, and firmly established by a career at "East" Point. "Hazing" at West Point is satirized in the most complete and clever fashion, and its incidents are furthermore made to serve a vital purpose in developing the *motif* of the entire story, viz., the similarity of militarism and savagery. A love romance beginning at East Point gives heart interest to the book. There is not a phase of militarism that is not satirized with the cleverest wit.

Much more with equal truth might be said in its praise, as for instance the force and clearness with which it is shown that the women of our country are largely responsible for the craze of militarism, and that so long as women worship "regimental shoulder straps," and so long as they go wild over the returning soldier, especially such soldiers as have been guilty of exceptionally fool-hardy exploits, just so long will war be popular, and just so long will men continue to seek occasions for achieving military distinction.

If the satirical novel called "Don Quixote" could break the spell, as is claimed, and destroy that form of military mania known as "knight errantry," may we not hope that "Captain Jinks Hero" will do much towards breaking the spell, the hypnotic delusion, without which wars like those in the Philippines and South Africa would be impossible?

Just now, "Captain Jinks Hero," our typical soldier in the Philippines and in China, and "Tommy Atkins" the typical British soldier in Africa and the Orient, seem drunk with human blood—as told by Rudyard Kipling in his satirical poem, the last two verses of which read as follows:

> When at 'ome he may content himself with whiskey,
> But if once he lands upon a foreign shore—
> On the Nile or Irrawady—
> He forgets his native toddy,
> And he takes his 'arf and-'arf in blood and gore.
> Blood and gore.
> And he takes his 'arf-and-'arf in blood and gore.

He's a connoisseur of every foreign vintage,
From the claret of the fat and juicy Boer
To the thicker nigger brand
That he spills upon the sand,
When he draws his 'arf-and-'arf in blood and gore,
Blood and gore,
When he draws his 'arf-and-'arf in blood and gore.

M. HARMAN.

The Postoffice at Home, Washington, Threatened.

Again the people of Home are the victims of the usurpation of power vested in government officials. Our postoffice is summarily closed by an order to the postmistress to forward to Washington the office paraphernalia. This forces us to go to Lake Bay—an office that transacts less than one-half the business ours did. The fact that neither of the thirteen postoffices nearest us is a depository of a publication or distributes half as much mail as ours is ample proof of malice aforethought, or woful ignorance on the part of the manipulators of this outrage.

We fear it is a trick to exclude "Discontent" and "Clothed With the Sun" from the mails when application is made for entry. If denied it will be a severe blow to us; however, it will not discourage, but on the contrary stimulate us to further endurance and more vigorous action. Men actuated by honorable motives, loyal to truth and justice and endowed with energy enough to grapple with and overcome the huge stumps and logs of Washington are not dismayed by the petty malevolence of sectarian and partisan bigots who may so manipulate our social machinery as to confiscate our property and banish us to a desolate island; but Home is a beacon-light for future generations while the systems that now oppress us will go down the ages as synonyms of hypocrisy, duplicity, rant, cant and sickly sentimentalism and be lost in unremembered nothingness.

The following lines are apropos to this occasion:

"Speak thy thought out bold and bravely, fear not old opinion's saws!
What thy soul in clearer vision sees revealed in nature's laws,
Speak out now and speak out ever though all men shall hate thy cause.

Speak thy thought out loud and clearly, if they're words of honest worth,
Though all hell excite men's passions, they will footing find on earth.
If they are but words of folly, 'tis as if they had not birth.

What we are has root in thinking; thought e'er flies in freedom's van.
Shackle, bind, restrain from action, despots cry since time began,
While from martyr's scaffold gory, thought's fruition comes to man.

Stake and fagot, rack and dungeon, have no terror for the brave,
Though the scaffold glooms before thee, words of truth are what we crave
For the truth lives on forever. Aye! while power is in the grave.

Heed no strumpet clothed in ermine speaking for the state its word
As against mankind's progression. Tell the boastful, purse-proud lord
That a vital word once spoken hath a life beyond his sword.

If the church put gyves on thinking, curse the church and break its spell:
If the state contract thy being, curse the state and ring its knell;
Speak thy thought out bold and bravely spite of all the fiends of hell."

Yours for that liberty which can only be born of intelligence.
Home, Wash. JAS. W. ADAMS.

A Protest.

C. L. James does me an injustice in No. 912 by coupling my name with that of D. W. Groh and describing us as "these advocates of opposing fads." I have not discussed Mr. Groh's fad, not by one word or allusion. Moreover, *I have no fad in medicine*. Permit me therefore to protest against a slander which might affect my professional reputation.

Monterey, Mexico, April 26. SANTIAGO WALKER, M. D.

The American Press-Writers' Association.

The "Boston Traveler" has printed several fine letters on Mrs. Craddock's case from J. T. Small, Francis B. Livesey and M. Abbott Brigham, and the following appeared April 26.

THE CRADDOCK CASE.

In New York, on March 17th, Mrs. Ida C. Craddock was sentenced to three months' imprisonment on the charge of obscenity. The judge said: "I have never before known of such indescribable filth." What a pity the man cannot turn his gaze inward and view the nauseous slime and corruption of his own mind and heart! Mrs. Craddock simply sees the horrors of an iniquitous system and tries to point a remedy, to save men from the fatal results of their own lusts, and to teach a higher morality and the sacredness of human rights. She aims to teach a system whereby a young girl may not be so vilely outraged on the very threshold of matrimony that her love turns to disgust and hatred, and her whole nature cries out in rebellion against the institution. I dare venture to assert that Ida Craddock never wrote an obscene sentence in her life. I don't believe she ever entertained an impure thought. And any man, be he judge or juror, who can find filth in her honest expression of thought must be at least of soul kin to Anthony Comstock, who is said to bandage his eyes whenever he takes a bath for fear of contaminating his "purity" by a sight of his "impure" body! When will the public cease to elect men to rule over them who have such narrow conceptions of the true dignity of life and its source? "Unto the pure are all things pure." If the sex nature is so vile, how can honor and purity exist on earth as sex is the foundation of all life? It is not unreasonable to believe that such men as those who convicted Mrs. Craddock must be afraid that her teaching will interfere with the free indulgence of their own passions. Else why should they condemn her for counselling self-control and moderation? Something should be done immediately to secure her release. Her pen is needed in the work of education along the lines of sex reform. ELSIE COLE WILCOX.

Whatcom, Washington.

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212a. Loomis, Mrs. Hulda L. Potter, 30 Vernon St., Springfield, Mass.
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A. C. ARMSTRONG, 17 Leroy St., Dorchester, Mass.

Imperialism.

The following is a copy of a letter I have just received from C. C Post: LOIS WAISBROOKER, Home, Wash.

It is true that Helen's mail is still returned marked "fraudulent." It is also true that the postoffice officials assert that they have the authority to do the same with anybody's mail at their option, and that they do not need to have any evidence offered by the accused, and that a decision of the courts that the party has violated no law is not binding on the Department.

One of our United States Senators will shortly introduce a bill in the Senate to amend the act under which the department claims its authority, and a congressman will introduce it in the House, but no bill can come before the House for discussion even until reported from a committee, and the chairman of committee on postoffice and post roads says openly that the committee will not report a bill to amend the law. In the Senate we stand a little better chance, but it will be a hard fight. All

the same, the fight has to be made, and some means must be found to bring an influence to bear on congressmen and senators to force them to action. Yours truly, C. C. Post.

Seabreeze, Florida.

VARIOUS VOICES.

Philip G. Peabody, Boston, Mass.:—It is just after midnight (of the 28,) and I have work before me that must keep me at my desk all night, having just arrived from an absence in Europe and Africa; but I must at once write to express my very deep regret at learning of the illness of your father and my hope that the world may be spared his loss for years to come. Please give him my very kindest wishes.

Laura J. Langston, Paonia, Colo.:—Enclosed find 10 cents for Lucifer for five weeks and "Institutional Marriage." Some good friend has sent me several copies of Lucifer—the first I have ever seen. I am trying to further promote the good work by loaning mine and requesting their return that I may loan them to others.

Amicus, Springfield, Mass.:—Find $2 enclosed, for which please send me Carpenter's "Marriage in Free Society," and "Sexual Physiology for the Young." Also send sample copies of Lucifer to enclosed addresses, and put the remaining $1 to credit of my subscription to Lucifer. I am quite in sympathy with most of Lucifer's teachings, yet I have long desired, if not out of place, to write you a letter much like that of K. B. (Canada), which you published on p 117 of No. 914. Concentrated effort in one direction, it seems to me, will accomplish most, and one sometimes wishes to send sample copies of Lucifer to persons who would be beneficially influenced by its discussion of the marriage question, but who are repelled by an equally liberal consideration of other questions.

I enclose, as usual, some clippings, from which possibly you may cull some thought or quotation of value or encouragement to readers of Lucifer. I am very sorry to hear of your illness, and close with wishes of immediate recovery.

So Miss Ellen M. Stone is to go on a lecture tour in this country and tell what she knows of brigands. Are those who subscribed so generously for her ransom to get any of their money back? Or will the lady missionary's gratitude take the shape of a lively sense of box-office receipts yet to come?—*N. Y. Sun.*

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